

Beautiful Darkness

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Summary: Jack shows his true wickedness. Chase is all too delighted in seeing it. What happens next is a chain of events that lead to the most splendid of partnerships. [Warnings in the A/N's.]

Beautiful Darkness

A/N: Chack prompt request from candy12110: Jack gets all badass, Chase likes it a bit too much, simple as that. Kind of similar plot to How To: World Domination but not intended as that was a fairly Jack centric story. Hope you enjoy. Warnings for explicit smut (especially the second part), speaking of torture (but nothing is explicitly done), and heavy use of kinks.

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Beautiful Darkness

Jack Spicer may not be skilled at fighting—hell, he's downright horrible at it, but there is one domain where he is feared and that is within the business domain.

His parents died, leaving the boy genius everything related to finances and a well structured business dealing with technology. In truth, the status of CEO that Jack obtained was something he did well. He made the business flourish, making it seem that the revenue was innocent in nature on the outside but on the inside, it was far from that. He made deals with the poor, unfortunate rival businesses only to cash in on their revenue as well, and promptly proceeded to take over those small businesses, thus expanding his. His business became a secret monopoly at best. Jack got rid of the "threats" in his own personal way—by orchestrating the death of the head person of those businesses, and making it seem like a terrible accident. No one expected their deaths would be by the hand of a seemingly

innocent 18 year old. Obviously Jack didn't _care _about his parents' deaths (they didn't give a shit about him, either, constantly neglecting the boy and leaving him at the mansion all by himself, even when Jack was little) but rather the opportunities given to him because it happened. He was the king of the business world and could get anything he wanted, whenever he wanted. He wrapped anyone he wanted around his finger like a loyal dog in the most perfect of ways, and none of his victims saw it coming. He kept this side of him thoroughly hidden from the belligerents of the Xiao-Hey conflict. However, Jack chose to come out of hiding, involving one thing only.

His revenge on Pandabubba.

He'd been ridiculed by the Hong Kong crime boss one too many times to let it go. From the first time he'd been tricked by him, Jack wanted to ruin him, but kept the thought to the back of his mind until the opportunity came—and now that opportunity has come. Jack managed to find out he'd be hosting a luncheon with all of his henchmen as a celebration of his striving syndicate. It took skill not to be caught spying by Pandabubba, having to also use his robots for spying aid, but eventually he found out the location and the time (which was in the afternoon, around 1:00 PM) and made his plans.

Jack put on the perfect disguise: white hair, blue contacts, black tux, he'd also wiped off his signature makeup. No one would know that it was him. Jack gave a fake ID to the bouncer, taking on the identity of one of Pandabubba's henchmen and he was accepted into the establishment without a hitch. Jack quickly had to put his plan into motion. Nothing had been served as of yet so he quickly made his way towards the kitchen where everything was in preparation. In one swift move, he took out a small glass bottle out of his jacket and threw it on the floor, releasing a smoke into the air that made all but himself faint on the floor. He'd made a special sleeping gas that only affected those around him but had no effect on him in any way, a very quick method in dealing with bystanders. They wouldn't remember a thing once they awoke. The next phase of his plan included something he'd never normally do, but was definitely needed: he went to the already prepared dishes and took out a vial, poisoning each and every dish, including Pandabubba's (he really should have someone who tasted for poison, but did not). Pandabubba's henchmen were plain fools also. They wouldn't be missed. Jack recalled how they mistook simple objects for Shen Gong Wu and actually believed they were mystical. Jack showed no expression on his face, no sense of remorse, and left the kitchen quietly. It took all he had not to cackle loudly.

Now Jack is sitting at a table at the establishment, his food untouched (the cooks woke up as soon as he left the room, without any knowledge as to what happened and just continued their jobs) as it would be rather foolish to eat something he made run cold. He looks around, eyes glaring at all the unsuspecting henchmen. They ate and ate like ravenous animals, awaiting their leader to come out and most likely give a speech on the progress that they'd made so far. No one chose to talk to him or look in his direction (he'd snagged someone whom seemed to be reserved, unapproachable and quiet) and that is just how Jack liked it.

At last the moment seemed to come when Pandabubba came out on some sort of makeshift stage with a podium right in front of him. Jack

looked at his watch. It'd take another twenty minutes for the poison to start working. He glared but forced himself to ease his expression as he and everyone stood, giving Pandabubba a standing ovation. As everyone started to sit back down, he began his speech. Jack rolled his eyes, having been forced to endure his voice about their accomplishments and how they'd "rule the entire underground crime syndicate" and so on and so forth. Such common statements for a typical crime boss, it really didn't surprise Jack. He looked at his watch, pleased.

The speech only took ten minutes!

_Perfect. _

Jack stood up and went towards the table Pandabubba was sitting at.

"Boss? Can I sit with you?" He asked, throwing in a polite bow just to be on the safe side.

The man looked at him for just a moment before nodding yes in confirmation.

"My most reserved individual, but my best." he commented.

Jack nodded. "I don't like words, I just prefer to act."

"And that has helped me in the past," Pandabubba replies. "A suitable personality for your position."

"I am glad it is. May I ask you something? What of that boy you had a quarrel with?" Jack had to choose his question right, as he didn't want to seem suspicious.

_Talking like this makes my head hurt. Can this end already? Ugh., fuck... _Jack maintained his stern expression, awaiting an answer.

"You couldn't be speaking of Jack Spicer, would you? He is pathetic, a brat that shouldn't be putting his face into things that the big boys are for. I hear his business is striving well and we very well may have to... change that."

Jack smirked, playing along. "I'm very interested, boss."

"Just think about how great it would be if he were dead, and all of his assets belonged to me."

"I have a better idea," Jack began. "What if _you _were dead, and all of _your _assets belonged to _me_?"

Pandabubba didn't even have the chance to reply before all of his henchmen fell, one by one, to the ground, like dominoes. Jack stood up, looking at his watch again.

"Right on time. My little concoction worked like a charm!"

Pandabubba felt himself getting weaker and weaker. He couldn't even stand. He glared at who seemed to be his henchman standing before

him.

"You... What have you done?!"

Jack looked around, and shrugged.

"Just a little payback, what does it look like? This is me telling you that you won't be around to be Hong Kong's crime boss anymore."

Pandabubba collapsed to the ground, the figure standing before him now only a blur.

"You are... It can't be..."

Jack laughed, a now cruel expression displayed on his face.

"You are... Jack Spicer... but how... how can you... how can this..."

Jack only smiled.

"Because I can."

Jack watched as Pandabubba's eyes rolled back. "Goodbye, Pandabubba. Nice knowing you! Oh, and I'll enjoy the extra money and taking over your title as crime boss, too. Thanks a lot!"

Jack turned his back as the man fell dead.

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Chase Young sat in his throne room, the Eye-Spy Orb in front of him and for once, at a loss of words.

Even Wuya standing by him had her eyes wide in shock.

"This cannot be the same Spicer that gets himself constantly beat up by the Xiaolin monks and fails at almost every battle he goes to. I simply cannot believe it," Chase breaks the silence still watching Jack's actions after he left the establishment.

"Perhaps the boy isn't good with battles, but great in whatever... that was," Wuya replied.

Through the Eye-Spy Orb, they watched as Jack burned down the building, cackling as he made his way back home.

Chase had to compose himself.

_Perhaps I have misjudged Spicer... His sudden display of evil is simply... __**delicious.**_

"Wuya. Leave me for now. I will be giving Spicer a visit of sorts."

Wuya simply rolled her eyes. "More like, _you _want in, but alright, you have your fun."

She left, and Chase promptly teleported himself to the Spicer

mansion.

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"You'd think someone like Pandabubba would up the security and check his food, but no, he's just as stupid as the rest. Seriously, people like him make all of us _true _Heylin look bad."

Jack, for once, was in the living room of his house, simply lounging on the couch. The sun shone through the curtains only slightly, not enough to discomfort him. The whole feat of getting rid of Pandabubba didn't even take long, the time only being 4:00 PM when he arrived back to his mansion. He didn't bother to change the disguise, because there wasn't anyone who'd find out his little scheme, and even if there was someone who found out, he could easily get rid of them as well.

Or so he thought.

Jack blinked, just once, and there Chase Young sat right across from him.

He didn't even flinch or scream. He was way beyond that. Chase didn't scare him anymore.

"Oh, Chase. What's up?"

Chase eyed Jack in a way that was nowhere in the vicinity of innocent. He looks at Jack animalistic, as if he wants to just up and pounce him and take him for his own, and seeing that, Jack just smirks at him.

"See something you like? For the record, eying me like a predator isn't something a guest should do, even if you didn't get an invitation."

"I saw what you did with Pandabubba," Chase says. "

"Oh yeah, that. Should have known nothing escapes the _great _Chase Young, eh? So what about it, you're not here to lecture me, are you? That would be a letdown."

"Oh _no," _Chase says. "I am not here to lecture you, Spicer. I am here to congratulate you."

Jack chuckles. "Hm, thanks, Chase." _I love it when he praises me. Fuck yes._

"You have grown. You've thoroughly tasted evil, now."

"...You know, Chase, you aren't being very subtle, and I've always known you to be subtle, so I'll just say it: you thought that was hot, wasn't it? That I just up and got rid of Pandabubba before he saw it coming. I'd say you have weird kinks, but I'd be a hypocrite."

Chase doesn't speak.

"Silent now, are we? Hm, wonder if I could really get you hot and bothered by handing it to the Xiaolin Losers. I could do a thing

where I kidnap them all. Use my new bullwhip and torture them for days."

Chase took a deep breath.

"Also, Wuya's a bitch. She's all over you like a whore. If anything, I'll get rid of her first. I can get very jealous. No offense, Chase, but I believe your taste in men could be way better than your taste in women."

Now Chase speaks, looking at him curiously. "And what do you mean by such?"

"The way you were looking at me. You want me."

Chase scoffs, for he did not want to admit it. "I was simply-"

"Not looking at me like you wanted to fuck me senseless? Yeah right. That's why you're here, isn't it? Like I said, you thought it was hot. You love wickedness and evil. It just so happens that I do, as well. Lovely display of hybristophilia, by the way. Can't say there's anyone who I've met that has a kink for crime."

The warlord was again silent, choosing to glare at Jack.

Now Jack chuckles again, getting up and walking closer to Chase.

"Hope it's not the disguise. Blue eyes are not my thing. I can settle with white hair since it is my original color, but the eyes are too much. Oh, and I need my signature makeup, too. Wouldn't be Jack Spicer: Evil Boy Genius without it."

"It is not the disguise. You happen to look far better as your original persona."

"That makes me feel better, Chase. Now... back to the main focus. What do you actually want?"

_To take you as mine. To ravish your body. To make you scream.

-

_"I want you to be my partner," He says, pushing back the less than savory thoughts.

"In crime? Apprentice? Ah, I'll have to decline. I can't trust you on that. We all saw how that ended."

Chase half-expected the answer.

"Now you give me mixed words, Spicer. I have always known you to have a desire for me."

"Oh, you have? Well, I wasn't being subtle about that. Glad you got the hints, but it doesn't mean I'll open my legs like a little bitch if you snap your fingers, Chase. Even I have my limits." Jack sits back down, crossing his leg.

"I did not mean it as you have said, and you know that."

"Fine, fine. You want me badly? Prove it. Right here, right now."

Chase took another deep breath. "How do you wish me to prove it?"

"You want me now and that much is so obvious... but _I _want _you, _Chase. In more ways than one. Give yourself to me, and I'll believe you, and I'll give you _anything _you want from this day forward. Any little fantasy will be yours. I'll be your apprentice like you so desperately want."

"You are saying you want me to willingly give myself to you... sexually?"

"I would not do anything to you if it weren't willingly, Chase. Besides, you could easily kick my ass regardless."

Chase ponders for a minute. The genius drove a hard bargain. He knows he wants Jack long-term, not just for a one-time only offer. With the right training, he could make Jack someone to be feared in the Xiao-Hey conflict as well. He and Jack would be such a _wonderful _evil pair to the Heylin side. Apprentice and consort, even more. Jack would not do anything he did not consent to, and thus made his choice.

He stood. Knowing Jack is no longer a fool, he walks over to him, and places himself on the genius' lap.

"If this will satisfy you and show to you that I am being genuineâ€¦ Do as you wish with me."

"_You are mine," _Was the response from Jack, before he pulled Chase by his hair, crashing their lips together. He slides his tongue inside, moaning as he swirls it with Chase's.

_He's mine... Only mine... Hell yes...__ Even if I only get to have him once, he's still mineâ€¦|_

Chase moves his hands to Jack's tie, undoing it with ease, even during the heated kiss. He lets it slide down to the floor, then ridding Jack of the jacket and shirt until his chest is exposed. This prompted Jack to break the kiss, looking at Chase with a desperate but intense need.

"Not here. My bedroom," he says.

Chase gets off of Jack's lap, being immediately escorted by Jack to his bedroom. Jack slams the door closed, then pushing Chase on the bed.

"These silk sheets I'm about to fuck you on are worth approximately 25928.60 Chinese Yuans, Chase. I'm going to love making you a filthy mess on them."

Chase smirked, motioning Jack closer. "I'll hold you to that; however, I feel the need to change something."

He waved his hand over Jack's face, his magic changing Jack's look back to his original style. His familiar red hair was slicked down,

his eyes back to their ruby red color and his signature makeup back on his face.

"Guess you weren't kidding when you said my original look was better," Jack chuckled. "But now it's time to have fun, don't you think? So why don't you do me a favor and use your magic to take off those clothes for me?"

In a flash, Chase's clothes were gone.

"_Fuck. _Look at you..." Jack started to undo his belt. His eyes never left Chase, looking over his body hungrily. "Just looking at you makes me hard..."

"The feeling is mutual, Jack."

Holy shit, did he just call me by my first name?

Jack instantly climbed on the bed once he undid his pants and boxers, experimentally grinding against him. He hears Chase's breathing get heavier, and does it again, intent on getting the man to moan.

Instead, all he does is gasp.

"Trying to stop yourself from moaning, aren't you, Chase...? I won't have any of that. I know the perfect way to get you to moan."

Jack gets off of Chase, only to go to the edge of the bed and grasp his cock. He gave a soft chuckle before leaning down to take it in his mouth. He wasted no time in bobbing his head up and down, eyes piercing Chase's as he did so.

Chase's reaction was exactly what he wanted. He moaned, grasping Jack's hair with his hand as incentive that he wanted more of _that_ and Jack happily obliged. Jack made small, muffled moans as he sucked Chase off, also using his free hand to knead Chase's thigh sensually.

Chase couldn't help itâ€"He threw his head back, closing his eyes. _"Jack..."_

Jack released Chase's cock from his mouth, only to again begin to jerk it rapidly. "Yes, that's right... just _let go, _Chase... Come on... _Come on, baby..."_

Chase didn't know what it was, either the way Jack stroked him or his voice alone, but he found himself releasing shortly after Jack spoke, covering Jack's hand with his seed.

"Good, that's it... that's so fucking hot, Chase..." Jack praised, letting go of his cock. As an additive, he smirked and lapped up all of Chase's cum, licking his lips. "Hm. You taste good."

Out of breath, Chase looked up at Jack, in a mixed expression of shocked and aroused.

"You..." He didn't even know what to say.

Jack winked. "Me..."

He got up from the bed, going to the bedside drawer and taking out a bottle. "Now here comes the fun part, Chase."

Jack crawled back on the bed, opening the bottle and taking out some of the liquid, putting some on his own cock.

"Just asking, but do you want this, Chase?"

Chase promptly rolled his eyes. "Of course I do. You're not afraid, I hope?"

"Oh please. I've wanted this for a long time, Chase. I'm _far _from afraid."

Throwing the bottle off of the bed, Jack positioned his cock in front of Chase's hole.

"Then go right ahead. I said I would give myself to you, and I am."

Jack bit his lip, entering slowly. He hears Chase let out a groan, and sees his eyes go wide. In truth, even Jack had to hold back a moan at the tightness of Chase alone.

"Damn, Chase... you're tight... Hell yes..."

Chase breathed heavily, turning his head to the side. "I have never... _never _let _anyone _do this, Jack."

"Then I'm honored that you trust me enough to let me," Jack says, leaning forward to leave a kiss on his cheek. "Now just tell me when to move, and I'll move."

"What do you take me for? A blushing bride? Move. Now." Chase ordered.

Jack chuckled, slowly beginning to thrust. "I just don't want to hurt you, Chase. Believe me, it's the last thing I want to do."

"Jack," Chase begins. "I am an 1500+ year old Heylin Warlord whom is at the human age of 23 who strikes fear into the hearts of all just by the sheer mention of my name. I cause mountains to rubble, buildings to shake and-"

"That's splendid, Chase. I'm a roboticist, biologist, and part-time astronomer. And currently fucking you, Mr. Warlord. I think I top you, literally, at the moment."

Chase scoffed again. "You and your condescending attitude. I could easily flip us over and change the situation."

Jack thrust hard, catching the warlord off guard—and it proved to work as Chase let out a loud moan, closing his eyes tight.

"Sorry, what was that, Chase? Couldn't hear you over that moan of yours. Which, by the way, was sexy as hell and I want more of that."

"Devious little trickster! More of that! I want more!"

Jack set a pace, his hands holding Chase's hips in place as he threw his head back and moaned.

"Chase... You feel so good... I love it..."

The slapping of skin against skin could be heard as Jack increased the intensity of his thrusts. Chase didn't even try to restrain himself from letting Jack know just exactly how much he enjoyed his roughness.

"_Amazing... Perfect..." _He found himself saying. "_Go faster! _Faster!"

"Hah, _Chase... _Yes... I'll give you whatever you want..."

He closed his eyes shut, thrusting as hard as he were able. Chase just felt so damned good and he loved it. He wanted to bring him to release, to see that look on his face when he let go yet again.

"Come on, Chase! I know you're close! Don't hide it!"

Chase succumbed, letting out a roar as he came. Jack followed with a gasp, his eyes going wide as he released inside of Chase.

"Holy fuck, Chase..."

He slowly pulled out, collapsing on top of Chase trying to catch his breath.

"I am pleased to have thoroughly satisfied your dracophilia, Jack," he hears Chase say. "Though I still await your answer on my offer."

_The little shit. _"What do _you _think Mr. High-and-Mighty? Of course."

Chase chuckled, running his hand through Jack's hair. "Glad to hear it. Now I suggest we clean up and-"

"No, we're lying here. I'm too lazy," Jack cuts him off, sighing.

"Doesn't Wuya usually show up to stick her head in your business, which she should not be doing in the first place? I feel the need to tell you that she was present in my throne room when we saw your quarrel with Pandabubba."

"You've gotta be fuckin'..." Jack instantly got off of the bed, walking over to snatch a black robe that was hanging behind the door. "I'm going to take the fastest shower in the world. Oh, and try to get rid of your scent. If she comes, I DON'T want her to know that you were here."

. . .

Sure enough, after 30 minutes or so, Wuya did come.

After cleaning himself up, Jack had been lounging in the living room

and told Chase to hide in a place not even he would tell Jack. He figured out she'd gotten some of her magic back, but at most it was only good for teleportation and some minor offensive attacks. He pretended to be scared, flinching dramatically when she appeared at the same area Chase did, taking note of the cruel smirk on her face.

"W-What are you doing here, Wuya? Shouldn't you be with Chase?"

She rolled her eyes as if it were a stupid question. "He doesn't tell me what to do. I'm here because I have a question for you, _Jackie. _I know exactly what you did with Pandabubby. Must say, it was quite an impressive feat from someone who's so pathetic as you, but hey, if you can do that, then you can get me more Wu."

Jack crossed his arms, pretending to look dumbfounded. "I don't know what you're talking about, Wuya."

"Oh really?" She called forth what seemed to be Chase's spying bird and was made to look through the gaze of the bird, seeing every single moment that happened at the establishment. "So as you can see, you can't hide, Jack. Now, has Chase visited you?"

"No he hasn't. Why would he visit me?"

Wuya laughed, getting up and grabbing Jack by his robe. "So, it looks like I have first dibs. You will work with _me, _Jack, and if you deny, let's just say I have enough magic to make your death look like an accident."

Jack hung his head down, looking defeated and weak. Wuya seemed to be satisfied and let go of him, but it would be her mistake as he grabbed her wrist in a flash, his nails sinking into the flesh and catching her off guard. She winced in pain, and Jack looked up, glaring at her furiously.

"_So _many people trying to kill me today, I should be on China's Most Wanted."

Wuya hissed, trying to break his hold over her to which Jack just snarled, increasing his grip.

"You're not going anywhere, Wuya. You brought this on yourself when you showed up trying to intimidate me." Jack used his other hand to take a cloth out of the pocket of his robe. He'd especially made sure to have it for this situation. The smell on the cloth is a sweet-smelling one, it being chloroform.

"Time to take a nap, Wuya."

She didn't even know what hit her.

Jack let go of her hand, letting her fall down on his carpet (he'd get it cleaned later, no one wants the smell of hag on their carpet).

"Hey, Chase? You watching? What do I do with her?"

Chase appeared, snapping his fingers, making her body disappear. "She'll be in my dungeon, do not worry about her any longer. I must

say, your tactics are not what I would have expected."

"Good. It leaves them thinking. They can't expect the unexpected and even if they can, I'm unique, don't you know?"

Chase began to respond before he heard a loud beeping sound. "_What _is that?"

Jack groaned. "Wu detector. Looks like I get to play with the monks too, but what the hell is a Wu doing going off at this time?"

Chase looked at the nearest clock. They'd lost track of the time so now it was around 7:00 PM.

"I suppose you are going for this trinket?"

Jack nodded. "Of course. My disguise has been revealed so I might as well relay to the monks that I'm no longer their punching bagâ€¦ Or anyone's, for that matter."

Chase smirked, knowing he was going to thoroughly enjoy what Jack had planned.

. . .

The Xiaolin monks were on the scene, the Wu (which disoriented anyone it was used on) was at some creepy abandoned amusement park.

"Let's just find this Wu so we can get out of here! I am so eeked out!" Omi whispered.

"That's _creeped out, _dude, and yeah, this place is just... no," Raimundo commented.

Kimiko sighed. "Will the two of you just be quiet?! You're making it scarier..."

"Look guys, I see it!" Clay said. "It's up on that... Er... very intimidating clown statue."

"Let's just get it so we can get out of here!" Raimundo didn't even make one full step towards the Wu before everything lit up in the park.

"What in tarnation...?!" Clay looked around, trying to find a perpetrator.

"Little tweaking here and there... fixing some cables and voila! Fully functional amusement park."

Jack appeared from behind the clown statue, holding a device in his hands.

"Yo, Xiaolin Losers. What's up? Scared of clowns? I recommend Stephen King's _It. _Sure to move the heart."

The monks assumed their fighting stances, ready to take on Jack.

"Thought you'd be too scared to come out, Spicer!" Kimiko taunted,

making the other roll his eyes.

"Don't you have other taunts? Then again, cheeseball over there still says 'suffer a most humiliating defeat' so I can understand why you wouldn't. Oh well, time to play. Jack-Bots, attack!"

Jack's singature squadron of Jack-bots appeared, and the Xiaolin focused on getting rid of them, oblivious to Jack's sudden change in attitude. To them, it was easy to destroy the robots as they've always done before, and promptly did so. When the battle was over, they again went into their fighting stances, waiting for Jack to make any sort of move.

Jack did move—but it wasn't what they were expecting.

"Reconstruct."

In the same way his robots were destroyed, they sprang back to life again, each part mending back together.

"Wasn't expecting that, were you? Go right ahead and destroy them again, they'll just fix themselves right back up! Have fun!"

"You have got to be kidding me," Raimundo said.

"Nope, not at all, Pedrosa," Jack responded, pulling up two chairs and sitting down in one. "While you guys have fun with that, I'll sip some Oolong tea with Chase. Isn't that right, Chase?"

Emerging from the shadows, Chase Young appeared, sitting down to whom is now his apprentice.

"Certainly so, Jack."

"Chase Young! You... You are partners with Jack Spicer?" Omi asked curiously, whilst dodging a robot.

"You could say that, little one. I have found him to now be a worthy member of the Heylin."

"He has robots that can fix themselves, so what?!" Kimiko chimes in. "Doesn't mean he can suddenly fight all of a sudden!"

Jack chuckled. "Oh, yes I can. I just don't want to waste my energy on the four of you. You'll need it fighting my robots."

"More like, you're just too darned afraid to even try," Clay responded.

"Eh, think what you will, ya hick." Once the Xiaolin _again_ defeated the robots, Jack gave the order to reconstruct yet again, and they did so.

"This is becoming most annoying!" Omi dodged several lasers, finding his energy to deplete.

Ignoring the fight, Jack turned to Chase. "Oolong tea it is?"

"Yes. It is my favorite," Chase says.

Jack snapped his fingers. "Yes-Bot, get over here and whip us up some Oolong tea, stat!"

His familiar (and honestly, a bit annoying) robot came over.

"How about two nice beverages for my master and the very scary Heylin lord next to him, eh?" It said, holding out the tea.

"Grazie~" Jack took both cups, handing Chase his.

"You speak Italian, Jack?" He asked.

"Yeah. As well as French, Portugese (Pedrosa can't talk shit to me), Mandarin Chinese, obviously, and Japanese (Kimiko can't talk shit to me either), as well. I'm a genius, it's what I do."

Chase was genuinly impressed, and it showed on his face.

"You surprise me more and more."

"Great! You surprised me earlier too, if you know what I mean," Jack winked, making Chase roll his eyes.

"Just note that the next time we engage in sexual activity, you will be the one that is submissive."

"Look forward to it, babe. I like being submissive, anyway."

They turned their heads to see the monks exhausted, even collapsed on the ground breathing heavily.

"Not... not fair..." Kimiko said.

"Jaku niku kyÅ• shoku." Jack ordered his robots to tie up the monks, sipping his tea afterward.

"Let us go, Spicer!" Raimundo yelled, glaring at Jack.

"That would defeat the purpose of capturing you all, though, wouldn't it?" Jack walked over to Omi, lifting his face up by the chin. "How's this for a most humiliating defeat, huh?"

The boy just turned his face away.

"Well, Chase, lets go. I'm not done with them yet. They need to be pegged down a couple of notches."

Chase snapped his fingers and the monks disappeared, this time to Jack's private lab.

"What will you do to them?" He asked, and Jack just turned to him, a sinister expression on his face.

"Each method that I'll use has to be carefully suited to the specific person. For example, I wouldn't use a water-based method on Omi, but rather on Kimiko. For Omi, I could use a freezing method to which his power could not break. Pedrosa will be a little tricky, but I could decide to use his own element against him. For Clay, I could use another fire based method... or I could go with psychological means

for all of them."

"Psychological?"

"I'll just sit there with a bunch of tools on the table and make them think I'll do something, when in actuality, I won't. After all, the fear is often greater than the danger itself. It'll be enough to relay to them that I am a threat and enough for them to be terrified at the situation that they'll be in in such a way that they'll never want to be in it again, and also beg me to let them go. The downside is that it'll prompt them to get stronger, but with you and I... it's nothing we can't handle," Jack explained, walking over to Chase and cupping his cheek.

"Perfect." Dare he say it, Jack's explanation... arose the warlord. It has been very long since he found a worthy evil for the Heylin side, at least someone he felt he could trust. He wanted this boy again, whether it be submitting to him or taking him. "Do that. Invoke fear within their hearts as I do."

Jack nodded, and Chase teleported the both of them back to Jack's mansion.

. . .

"What... What do you think he'll do to us...?" Omi asked his friends, whom were silent from the moment they all appeared in Jack's lab.

"Spicer's... He's evil but he isn't... He won't... He won't actually hurt us, would he?" Clay sighed, not even knowing what to think.

"Chase fucked with his mind! I'm sure of it!" Raimundo yelled. "He wouldn't do this shit! Something is _wrong!"_

"Don't yell, Rai! He might hear... and Jack _has _done this before... He just didn't do it as... intimidating," Kimiko said, sighing. "How could we not have noticed it?"

When the monks were fighting Jack, they didn't notice anything out of the ordinary at all. They thought Jack was just being Jack, coming to fight for the Wu like normal. They didn't expect themselves to be in this position, not knowing what Jack could and would do to them.

"Hey, Kimiko? What did Jack say to you, right when he captured us?" Clay asked, turning his head towards her.

"Jaku niku kyÅ• shoku? It means survival of the fittest, basicallyâ€|" She responded, sighing.

Kimiko then noticed Jack had left the television on in the lab.

"Hey guys... listen," She said, motioning to the television. A reporter began to speak, images of a burning building showing along with efforts to put the flames out.

_A mysterious building fire was put out today close to the headquarters of infamous Hong Kong crime boss Pandabubba. Police

found the boss to be dead, along with several of his henchmen after investigating the remains of the burning building. What seems to be eerie; however, is a note left at the scene, a sort of will from Pandabubba giving all of his assets to Mr. Jack Spicer, whom is the head CEO of Spicer Industries. _

"Ahah... Ahahah... Normally, when these things happen and there's a letter and stuff giving off business things to someone... that means the person whom they're giving it to..." Raimundo trailed off, not wanting to voice his thought.

"Are you trying to say that Jack... could have killed him?" Clay asked, staring at Rai worridly.

"This cannot be! It simply cannot be!" Omi shouted. He was starting to get scared. All he wanted was out of these ropes and to leave with his friends to safety.

"Guys, there's more... Oh god," Kimiko said, getting their attention once more.

We're currently outside the Spicer Mansion awaiting a response from Jack Spicer himself on the matter at hand and- Look, it's him now!

They see Jack appear by the front door of his mansion, having his picture taken by several paparazzi as well, but they are ignored as Jack approaches the reporter dying to ask him the questions necessary to ease the minds of his fans.

"So, Mr. Spicer, what is your reaction to this unsettling matter?" The reporter asked.

"First of all, I would like to say that I have had no interation wtih that man that involved a will of any sort. I have been subject to one of his unfair means of trying to tarnish my good business yet again. I have undeniable proof that I will release tomorrow of several situations where he has tried to con me," Jack said, his face filled with anger.

"I see, I see. I understand that there were instances where he has threatened you as well?"

"Of course. I have in the past received several death threats from the man. I am a honest businessman that has never wanted to be associated with any unethical person or firm."

The reporter smiled, happy with his answer. "Thank you for clearing that up, Mr. Spicer. It's such a shame to see people try to tarnish you."

"I agree," Jack started. "All I want to do is please my fans, nothing more. Is there wrong in that?"

"It should not be at all. Thank you for your time."

Jack nodded and turned back to go inside of his house, again ignoring the paparazzi and closing the door.

The reporter spoke again.

"There you have it everyone, Mr. Spicer himself debunking the false will of the former crime boss Pandabubba. Now Mr. Spicer has never made an appearance live for any more than two minutes, so to see him willingly offer his words is surprising. Truly a good quality of a humble businessman.

Deciding they'd heard enough, they tuned out any other words from the television.

"Well... I guess that settles it?" Rai asked, a bit uncertain.

"No," Kimiko said. "It doesn't. He did it. I know business from seeing my father do deals with others. It's a common thing. Wolf in sheep's clothing. Jack didn't expect Pandabubba to have some sort of final thing against him, so he knew he'd have to ease the minds of the press and his fans. He _did _do it. And now... he's going to do the same thing to us."

"H-He's going to kill us?" Omi began to breathe heavily, feeling an intense amount of fear. "No... no... no... maybe if we plead... He'll let us go..."

"I'm not pleading to him," Raimundo started. "If anything, I'll take responsibility for all of it. I'm your leader, after all. I'm not going to let him hurt any of you."

All they could do is wait.

. . .

"I want to fucking use the Sands of Time and go back to the precise moment when I went to kill Pandabubba and MAKE it more painful than poison!"

Jack threw a glass across the room, snarling. He'd been fooled by the former crime boss yet again and couldn't do anything about it as he already did the deed!

"You should compose yourself, Jack, just in case," Chase says. "I will let you know that spirit summoning isn't out of the realm of my talent and we will make it so his rest isn't a peaceful one."

Jack chuckled darkly. "Yes, of course. Perfect. _I like it. _Let's do that, Chase... Make him regret messing with me a final timeâ€| but first... we have some monks to visit."

Jack walked with Chase down to his basement, where the monks were still tied up. They had looks of fear on their faces, and he swore he could hear small wimpers. He loved thatâ€"to see their fear for someone who they thought they'd never show fear to. He turned to see that he left the television on and smirked.

"Hello, monks. Saw the news report? It's very easy to act innocent and shy to get press off your back. Oh, they're so stupid. So, so stupid, and I'll prove it right now!" He faked an innocent face and tone. "I'd _never _do that! I wouldn't want anyone _to tarnish my good name! __I can't __**believe **__anyone would do such a horrible thing to me!" _Jack then laughed, breaking out of the fake innocence. "It's way too easy to wrap someone around your finger. For me? I have

the entire business world at my feet."

The monks stayed silent, not knowing what to say, which really pissed off Jack.

"You know, I have a whip that I'm just dying to use. How about I smack it across Kimiko's pretty little face? Lord knows she could use a facelift."

Raimundo looked up and glared. "_Filho da puta!_ Don't you dare touch her!"

"_Filho da puta_, eh...? Calm down, _cuzãfo_," _Jack pulls up a chair, but doesn't sit it in just yet. He walks around his lab, getting several tools. On the table, he sets down obvious objects. A scalpel. A knife. A wrench. A whip. Scissors. Other things he put on the table are surgical tools belonging in the safety of a locked cabinet in a hospital, not in the lab of a 19-year old businessman.

Jack sat in the chair, and crossed his leg.

"Hm, now what to do, what to do... So much tools, so little time!" He pondered.

Raimundo looked at all of the tools present on the table. And he gulped.

"Look... Look, Jack... Whatever you want to do... do it all to me! Just leave them out of it... please."

Jack 'tsk-tsk'ed'. "Now, now, Pedrosa. I admire that you would be willing to do anything for your little friends, but it's not fair that you get to have all the fun."

Raimundo shook his head. "Don't! Just _don't! _Let them go, I'll stay! Don't hurt them!"

"Rai, you can't..." Kimiko told him. "He'll..." She turned to Jack. "You hate Rai the most, don't you?!"

Jack shrugged. "If he and I were the last two people on Earth, I'd do the final Natural Selection nature would have in store. Sure, I'll be alone, but who cares?"

Clay stayed silent. He felt like anything he said would be enough to set Jack off, and he didn't want that.

Omi felt like he was honestly going to cry, but forced himself to hold back his tears.

Jack turned to Chase whom was just standing there watching the ordeal. "From a Heylin belligerent to another, what do you think I should do, Chase?"

Chase chuckled, already knowing Jack's plan, but decided to go along with it anyway. "Let them leave with their bodies still intact. By now that would be you taking pity on them."

"Fine. I'll trust you."

Jack opened the garage door, then went over to each monk and undid the ropes.

"Now," he said. "Go away back to your little Temple. Oh, and don't even try to speak about what happened. A) No one will believe you. B) I'll hurt whoever you tell, and I mean WHOEVER, including your families, and C) Then I'll hurt you."

They all got up, shaken from their ordeal and they ran out of Jack's lab.

Jack closed the garage doors, laughing. "Think they got the idea?"

"It would be foolish if they didn't," Chase responded. He walked closer to Jack, hands grasping the teen's hips. "But enough of that. I have something else on my mind and it involves another trip to those expensive sheets you have."

"I turn you on again, Chase? You want to 'ravish' me? Well then, if you want it, you'll have to catch me."

Chase didn't get a moment to respond before Jack pressed a button, turning off the lights in the room. When they were turned back on, Jack disappeared.

"Come and find me, Chase..." A speaker on the table sounded with Jack's voice. "And you can do... whatever... you please... with me..."

The devious little tempter!

If Jack wanted to play a cat-and-mouse game, then so be it. He was so good at catching whomever he wanted. Chase bit his lip, just thinking of all the wicked things he'd do to Jack once he found him. He left the lab and began his search.

Chase looked everywhere, even down to the bathrooms and closets yet Jack could not be found!

"When I find you, Jack..." He murmured to himself, a part of him growing to be very annoyed.

Chase came across a door, made of red velvet material. How had he not noticed this before? He opened the door, looking around. It seemed to be another fancy bedroom of Jack's. In the center was a rounded bed with red silk bedding. In fact, the entire room contained some form of the color red mixed with gold. It was well kept and neat and only one lamp was on, giving it a nice glow. What caught Chase's eye is what was on the circular bed was a riding crop, along with cloth ties. He walked closer to the bed, only to hear the door slam closed. When he turned around, he met the sight of Jack Spicer bare, licking his lips.

"You found me, congratulations~" He purred. "Now get over here. I'm yours."

Chase didn't have to be told twice. He growled, going over to Jack and pulling his body against his.

"You are a mischievous, tricky, tempting little _minx." _He turned Jack around, pulling on his hair so hard it pulled his head back. "You want me to be rough, don't you? Tie you up against that bed and treat you like the dirty little _bitch _you are."

Jack openly moaned, the slightest trace of drool slipping from his mouth.

"O-Oh... H-Hell yes..."

"Ah, so you like it when I talk to you like that, don't you? So filthy, aren't you, Jack?" Chase leaned down, licking Jack's shoulder before biting down on it hard, even drawing a trickle of blood.

"Y-Yes...! Punish me, Chase! I deserve it!"

Chase let Jack's hair go and pulled from his neck only to push him backwards into the bed. He grabbed the cloth ties, tying both of Jack's hands to the bedframe, he then grabbed the crop and trailed it over Jack's cock, stroking it with the crop. Jack bit his lip, feeling himself get harder.

"Mmm... Chase... Hit me..."

Chase moved the crop towards Jack's chest and struck him there, making him gasp.

"More, Chase! More!"

Chase kept striking his chest, driving Jack wild. He saw Jack fight against the restraints, moaning loudly each time he was hit.

"I-I love it... I love it... I love it...!"

By now, Jack had visible marks from the crop. Chase threw the crop to the side, climbing on the bed. In a flash, his clothes were gone once more. He ran his hands over Jack's chest, trailing over every mark. Despite Jack's enthusiasm for the pain and his wanting to treat him roughly, he could not help but to feel just the slightest trace of guilt for leaving such marks on his body.

"You are comfortable with this?" He asked, just to be sure.

"Hell yeah," Jack responded. "I love things like this. Don't be concerned, Chase."

"Very well," Is all he says before grinding against Jack, his hand grabbing a fistful of Jack's hair and tugging hard. "I will not be soft in the slightest. _You _are my dirty little apprentice that needs to know his place."

"Oh? Then teach me, _master."_

Chase ground harder against Jack, a sign that the title really did please him, even if he didn't openly voice it. Jack moaned both at the grinding and the hair pulling.

"Don'tâ€¦| Don't be a tease, Chase. I want youâ€¦|"

Chase leaned down, letting loose Jack's hair. He licked and sucked Jack's neck, his intent on leaving marks.

"You're leaving them where I can't- _ah- _hide them, Chase!"

"Good. Do not hide that you are _mine, _Jack," came the muffled response.

All Jack can do is let him place marks on his neck, using him in any way he saw fit. He allowed himself to be at the complete mercy of Chase, getting something he's wanted from the man for so long. Jack closed his eyes, his lips parted slightly.

"Chaseâ€¦ Chaseâ€¦ I can't take this.." Jack pleaded, bucking his hips.

"Take _what, _Jack? Tell me what you want," Chase moved his attention from Jack's neck to his ear, his voice low and seductive. "I know you are eloquent with your wordsâ€¦especially in telling others what you want."

Jack opened his eyes, and let out a low growl, his patience at an end. "_Fuck me, _damn it!"

"Good boy," Chase praises. "I'll give you what you desire."

Jack had long forgotten about the restraints put on him until he tried to move his hands, and then whined.

"Ah~ let me loose.."

Chase chuckled whilst getting off of Jack only to search for some form of lubricant that he knew the genius would have in his drawer. When finding it, he got back on the bed and took out a considerable amount from the bottle and putting it on his member.

"I won't be letting you go, Jack. It's part of your punishment," he says.

Jack pouted. "And I suppose you're going to punish me more by going slow?"

Chase traced Jack's hole with his cock but made no move to enter, thus answering Jack's question.

"You're so _evil, _Chase," he says sarcastically.

"It is one of the traits that I do not wish to break, nor do I ever want to," Chase smirks at him.

"Mmmâ€¦ whateverâ€¦ now will you get on with itâ€¦ _please?"_

"Since you asked so nicely." Chase slowly slid his cock inside of Jack, making him emit a groan.

"Hahâ€¦ shitâ€¦ finallyâ€¦" His moans grow louder by the time Chase has fully entered with his hands tugging against the restraints, desperate to get out of them. Chase has to prevent himself from groaning, for Jack is just so wonderfully tight.

"Amazingâ€¦| You are simply addicting, Jackâ€¦|"

Jack let out a small pleased sound, trying to buck his hips.

"If I'm so addicting, then move," he says, staring at him intensely.

Chase would have teased him just a bit more, but even he couldn't take the wait. He needed Jack _now. _He slides in and out slow at first, getting soft gasps out of Jack before finally setting a good pace with skin slapping against skin.

"S-So goodâ€¦| Hell yes, Chaseâ€¦|"

Chase grunted as he thrust, hands holding Jack's hip in place. The warlord looked at his now consort with lust, relishing in the pleasure they are both getting. He cannot stop himself from whispering his name.

_That _got Jackâ€¦"so much in so he fought against his cloth restraints so hard they broke, surprising Chase, just so he could lean up and wrap his arms around his neck and kiss his face.

"You have heard me speak your name before, what makes this so different?" Chase asked, also returning the kisses.

"You spoke my name when _I _was taking youâ€¦| but to know thatâ€¦| Ack, fuck. It's really cheesy but the fact you said my name again while you're having me nowâ€¦| it â€¦| makes me feel wanted," Jack responded softly.

"Then allow me to completely show you that you are _wanted, _Jack."

Chase wrapped his arms around Jack and rested his face into the crook of Jack's neck, increasing his thrusts. Jack cried out as he did, throwing back his head.

"Yes, there! Ah-more, Chase! Come on, I need itâ€¦| I need it!"

Chase openly moaned as he felt Jack's hole clench around his length. Jack put his head back down, taking his hand and running it through Chase's hair. He felt himself close to the brinkâ€¦"he couldn't stand it anymore.

"Pleaseâ€¦| just a bit moreâ€¦|"

Chase lifted his head up, wanting to see Jack as he came. Both of their eyes widened as they reached the brink of bliss, moaning each other's names.

They breathed heavily, with Chase sliding out and falling with Jack back onto the bed. He feels Jack knead his hair again, a soft smile on his face.

"Freakin' amazing, Chaseâ€¦|"

"It would be nothing short of so," was the response. "My devious, wicked little consortâ€¦|"

Jack laughed darkly. "We're going to give the Xiaolin hell, and we're also going to give the other Heylin hell, too. That'll be fun, don't you think? Also, speaking of that, isn't Wuya in your dungeon?"

"My tigers will take care to make sure she stays there and doesn't try to get help from a certain pest of the garden variety"but enough of those thorns in our side, I only wish to lie with you," Chase replied, eyes closing contently at the hair kneading that Jack was still doing.

"And lie with me you will."

A surge of dark energy surrounded the pair. It's presense could make any non-Heylin feel as if they are being choked with this energy. It is with no doubt that it is a representation of the official partnership that has been forged between Chase Young and Jack Spicer. It is a terrible omen for the Xiaolin side but a wonderful one for the Heylin side.

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A/N: Very, _very _long oneshot. Took a while to muster, and trying to make sure everything is explained throughout the story. I hope you liked it and please drop a review if you'd like!

End
file.